



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

A
DISCOURSE

DELIVERED AT THE
TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY
OF THE

Society for the Promotion of Collegiate and Theological
Education at the West.

IN THE
SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEWARK, N. J.

NOVEMBER 14, 1864.

BY
REV. J. P. CLEAVELAND, D. D.

OF LOWELL, MASS.

NEW YORK:
JOHN F. TROW, PRINTER, 50 GREENE STREET.
1865.

"The thanks of the Board were given to the Rev. J. P. CLEVELAND, D. D. for his Discourse delivered last evening before the Society, and a copy was requested for publication."

An extract from the Minutes of the Proceedings of the Directors of the Society for the Promotion of Collegiate and Theological Education at the West, at their Annual Meeting in Newark, N. J., Nov. 15, 1864.

J. SPAULDING, RECORDING SECRETARY.

Gift
Tappan Presb. Assoc.
9-8-33

DISCOURSE.

1 COR. xvi. 13.

Watch ye; stand fast in the faith; quit you like men; be strong.

Two ideas underlie the text. The first part of it, "watch ye, stand fast in the faith," commends a contemplative piety. The latter part, "quit you like men, be strong," enjoins the cultivation of the heroic virtues. The two together show that in every citizen's character, and especially in every Christian's, the heroic element should be blended with the reflective.

Times as well as men may be one-sided. Imperilled interests it may be impossible to rescue without allowing them to absorb the general mind. Then let the heroic virtues supersede the reflective. There is a moral, if not a military necessity for it. But such exigencies cannot last, for—

"When valor preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with."

On the other hand, a piety that is merely contemplative becomes slumberous and decayed. No sensi-

ble person will ever pretend that the reflective faculties can ever be left out of a completed piety. In the church, and in the wider circles of the world at large, there is always a class, whose chief business is to praise moderation and calm contemplation. During the long peace-periods, the masses, who always swim with the current, fall in with them. Why should they not? Their own lives float on. Their plans are smooth. Their wishes come to harvest. Of course, the morality, the piety, the worship of such an age will be entirely contemplative. For when agriculture, commerce, trade, and all industrial pursuit, settle down into routine, religion settles into routine along with them. But that in the church, and in all civilized life, that heroism, which confronts and condemns every daring evil, whilst it achieves all possible positive good, should be an abiding element, many do not believe. It will be appropriate, then, to prove, that in the Christian's and in the civilian's character, the blending of the heroic element with the meditative should always be maintained, and moreover, that to such a result, our college enterprise tends.

What is meant by the heroic element in Christian character?

The heroism which the gospel and the grace of God, when they have the modelling of character, give to men and to women, implies *large self-reliance*. So long as self-reliance subordinates itself to supreme reliance on God, it cannot wax too strong. Why are so many of those men and women who go to make up the Christian church, moral negations, mere negations? It is not owing to their peculiar modesty or humility.

The master hero of the Old Testament was the most retiring in a family of eight sons. Paul evinced a deeper modesty than any other Apostle, and yet his self-reliance was a counter-match for his modesty. There is not a living disciple of the Master, who can help to reform an age of corruption, or an age of show, without a freely self-reliant spirit to start with.

An heroic element in personal piety implies *adhesion to purpose*. It may be called meek resoluteness: such, however, as keeps self-reliance from fancying itself competent to do its hardest tasks, whenever it chooses to. Such an over self-estimate would lapse, first, into inaction, and then into contempt. The man or the woman who is always equal to any duty before it comes, is never ready when it comes. The apostle Peter made the bravest pretensions, but famously failed when the trial bore down upon him.

The heroism which God loves implies *courage*. Superficial minds confound heroism with mere courage. Courage is only an attribute of heroism, but it is always an attribute of it. Courage (it is a familiar remark) signifies heart-action, and when grace engrafts it on individual goodness, it beautifully answers to its etymology. Then, in all public and in all private relationships, it dares to do right. It dares to do now, whatever needs doing now. In the visible church, it dares to keep all God's commands, cost what it may. In the function of citizen, it dares to vote right, at the risk of obloquy and scorn. In the realm of Fashion, it dares to offend Rank, so be it may please God.

Heroism of the heavenly stamp includes *foresight*. This denotes forethought, as the cause of foresight,

and prudence, that shuts all imprudence out of the account; and wisdom, as the guarantor against folly and conceit; against going too fast, and still more, against not going at all.

Of that religious heroism which belongs to every balanced character, *faith* is ever a root-principle. Devoid of faith, the heroic virtues are wont to wax rash—to strike blind blows—blows that strike back fatally. Faith in God, underlying faith in one's self and in man, is most beautiful, because it belongs to all the strong men and strong women in the world. What could be any more beautiful than equal proportions of self-reliance, resoluteness, fearlessness, foresight, and faith? Christianized heroism contains it all. Who now can want an argument or an exhortation to convince him that he should never be without such virtue, whether he be a quiet denizen, a working philanthropist, or an installed legislator: whether his life be cast amidst battle-scenes, or home-scenes: whether it be passed in the din of trade, or the sweet peace of a gentle housewife's sphere. It takes hard work, to be sure, to get such a character together. 'Tis all the better for that. Nothing is good in this world that comes not of work. Such heroic elements as are called for by the solemn voices of our times, be it remembered, can be had only by having clear thought, rational thought, practical thought, elevated thought, religious thought.

Having, as I trust, intelligibly defined the heroic element, both in the Christian and the civilian, I argue its *necessity*.

And first from its nature. This alone would prove

its indispensableness to every lover of his country and his God. Intelligent heroism assumes the fact of human depravation. Heroism is ever a relative idea, and the doctrine to which it is clearly correlated is that of man's universal perverseness. Of this cardinal fact, it is, itself, a reverse reflection. God never imparts to man or woman true heroism, but for a great purpose, for which it is to be put forth. Christian virtue antagonizes only with moral wrong. Were every one's character modelled after the heroic virtues of Christianity, those virtues would have no use. But in a world like ours, their chief function may be, to be ready. They thus become a priceless power, preventive of evil. Non-resistant virtue will do only where there is nothing to resist. Given—the moral imperfection of the race. Existent wrong is the logical inference. The most eloquent champion of man's native dignity and worth says, "After all, the principles of universal justice and love have no sure root but in the religion of Jesus Christ." Rebellions, treasons, enslavements, he avers, "are nothing but the images of the human soul"—"the inborn fiends coming out." Suppose that nine persons out of every ten were proven to be constitutionally good, yet devoid of heroic virtue—shunning by very instinct, all resistance to popular wrong. Would not the perversity of the remaining one tenth be very apt to prey upon the passivity of the unresisting nine tenths?

Only, then, in a perfect world, can any class of men or of women safely dispense with the heroic virtues. A state of such absolute sinlessness as a perfect world implies, may, possibly, in some far off

cycle, come round. It never seemed farther off than now.

Not less emphatic is the argument from *History*. Begin with the first intensely religious man. So like his Maker was he, that he attained to immortality without dying. Society, even in his day, had already been deteriorating full ten centuries. He held the triple offices of teacher, ruler, priest. There could be no walking with God in all these relations, without also walking among men. Yet who ever so chained up to himself the admiration of all the after ages as he? He walked with God, says our English Bible. He compelled himself to walk with God, says the Hebrew Bible. Earthward, his face is veiled. Heavenward, it is radiant. From the profound contemplations of his closet, he comes back a just ruler—a stainless priest—an incorruptible judge.

Why do all the religious sects look backward through fifty centuries to see a lone column looming up into clear sky, awaking wonder and awe? Because the seventh man from Adam was such a matchless union of the meditative and heroic virtues, as the world always wants when it is weak and afraid.

Probably no man ever wielded such power over stolid minds as the great Hebrew Emancipator. On his oppressed countrymen, "Slavery had done its work—it had broken their spirits." "Hope was extinct in their bosoms." This guilty fact explains, and explains away, the pretence that the bondman often prefers servitude. He never prefers it, unless he is pre-destined. To Moses' first rally, not a countryman of his made answer. Not a slave-woman cried, Amen

to you, sir! What did he? Why he rushed out, one day, into a street-fight—avenged one of his beaten brethren; next day turned his back on the down-trodden, and fled for his life! Even they could see that a courtier might be anything but a chieftain or a champion. Their deliverer must be one who could tread down seas and forests, and challenge Pharaoh and his hosts, or they could never be re-united or free. The fitting of Moses for such a leadership was then scarce begun. When he should have doubled his years, he would have doubled his wisdom—trebled his nerve—quadrupled his faith. In the desert, he became an adept in prayer, and in that hardest of all conquests, self-subjugation. Then Jehovah took him in hand, and shook out of him all his false humility. When he next knocked at the palace-door, and in the name of Almighty God, shouted in the tyrant's face, "Thus saith the Lord, let my people go"—his blended meekness and heroism made him seem a divinity. The slave let fall his brick and mortar, and the task-master was forced to stand aside. If I am called upon for proof that Moses was meek, and modest, and meditative,—I point to the fact, that though his Pentateuch was so profound, "the divine Plato" was not ashamed to dig down into its depths; his own authorship is so concealed that the deist Paine would never believe he could have written it. I point to that other fact, that both Eusebius and Josephus ascribe to him military exploits to which he has not left an allusion. If I am called upon for proof that he was self-reliant, heroic, invincible, I point to his serene contempt for Pharaoh's threats, and to his swaying by

the rebuke of an eye a mob of a million maddened men and women! Well might the first critic of the world have pronounced him, for his balancing, in perfect equipoise, of the contemplative and heroic elements, God's best anti-slavery agent ever yet employed.

If the historical evidence that neither a nation, nor an association, nor an individual is secure of God's favor, that is not pervaded by an heroic virtue, needs enlargement, take a single scene, in which the last Hebrew Judge and the first Hebrew Sovereign are the foremost figures. It could not have more closely shapen to our own times, had it been wrought out only for our own wants. It discloses the divine certainty, that a free people whose government is fired by no genuine heroism will break up and fall to pieces. It foreshadows the fact, that whenever the true heroic element shall have vanished from our national life, the mission of this Society will be ended. It solves the perplexing problem, what to do with your enemies when you have them in your power. It invokes God's reprobation on all undue leniency towards the defeated foes of freedom and of equal rights.

On their way to the promised land, the freed millions of Israel were bidden to march along the borders of a tribe of fighting-men named Amalek. The Maker of all nations—the Owner of all lands—had the absolute right to issue and enforce the order. Not a particle of Amalek's private property had been touched. Without the semblance, therefore, of a provocation, Amalek sprung an ambush on the rear of the Hebrew camp, and killed in cold blood every defenceless wom-

an and babe they could lay their hands on. Amalek thus turned traitor to Heaven and humanity. Against that long-suffering Government, which had rained its blessings on their unthankful heads, they broke forth in systematic rebellion. It drove them mad to see a dozen liberated States marching their solid ranks towards the North, for the very purpose of planting Free Institutions, and a Religion which would anathematize in God's name all national injustice and sin. Therefore they attacked the elect nation just where rescue or reinforcement would be impossible until after the injury and the insult had been inflicted. In its spirit, it was a perfect prototype of the yet unavenged butcheries perpetrated at Fort Pillow by the demon Forrest. A sharp engagement ensued, in which Amalek was severely punished—but the final retribution was reserved till Freedom should have been fully nationalized in Canaan. "Thus saith the Lord, I will have war with Amalek from generation to generation, and I will utterly put out the remembrance of Amalek from under Heaven." Let all loyal America ponder upon this divine decree now. Let them remember too that Amalek was due *South* from the "Holy Land." Four hundred years afterward, their doom was again called up, and Israel's young king was sent, at the head of two hundred thousand picked men, on a mission of extermination. Amalek's then reigning monarch was both vassal and despot; as hearty a hater as he could well be, of all freedom and all religion. Saul's army fought with a well-sustained fury to the end. The old slaveholder's minions melted away as if the Almighty were crushing them out.

God had forbidden Saul to let live one man, woman, infant, animal. The right or wrong of it was no affair of his. A wiser Power than he would see to that. During the slaughter of the common soldiery, whose guilt was trivial to that of the arch-traitor, Agag, Saul had no tears to shed. But when the chief tormentor's turn came, that royal savage, who stood committed, had he triumphed, to cut up God's chosen with saws, and axes, and harrows of iron, then, forsooth, all at once, Saul had a very soft heart. He was too humane to mete out God's justice to so exalted a sinner! They were neighbor kings; very likely they were on very good terms. Really, Agag was too rich, too genteel, to be hung! Thank God, there was one true man left! Degenerate as all around him were, Samuel swerved not. He was a minister of religion—a man of unequalled prayer; whose daily walk was a sermon to the age—a special sermon to Israel. "In the moral grandeur of his character," says one, "he was second only to Moses." He was an old man. He had been a godly person from his childhood—a great peace-maker in his day—a trainer up of young prophets, priests, and preachers—the founder of just such institutions as this society is rearing—quietly presiding over his Western Theological School on Mount Ephraim. Yet were his heroic virtues the crowning glory of his life. His withered arm had death-blows for tyrants in it still. Oh, there was a spring in his step, Heaven's fire in his eye, and fidelity to God and duty in his heart! Saul's disobedience had been incredible. The choicest of Amalek's herds had been driven home untouched. Worse than all else, there sat, in a near shelter, Agag,

the imbruted head of the rebellion, unharmed in a hair of his head! Samuel heard Saul's lame apology, and denounced it. Saul begged the good old man to honor him still before the people—not to let down his standing with them. "I will do no such thing," said the God-fearing veteran. "You are a traitor at heart, and all the people shall know it. I will not play the hypocrite to screen even a king." Rending in pieces the skirts of his own robe, he exclaimed, "There, sir, for your disloyalty to the Jehovah, who made you a king, your empire shall be thus rent asunder! Show me this doomed despot, whom your false leniency would snatch out of God's hand. His claims shall not be thwarted thus." "And Agag came unto him delicately"—(voluptuously); fancying that, for him, "surely the bitterness of death was past." "By some mistake, doubtless, on the part of his own men, he had, indeed, got into the wrong place, but the rules of civilized warfare would surely suffice to save him." Harken to God's steadfast friend. "Do you—base oppressor—presume to expect special forbearance: you, whose business it has been to make mothers childless, and infants orphans! Know, then, that your own mother shall, this day, drink the dregs of the very cup you have so often pressed to guiltless lips!" "Then Samuel hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord." No more need had Samuel's day of such high-toned heroism than ours has now. The flame waxed no warmer in his honest bosom, than it should in the bosom of every loyalist in our land. No religion less patriotic or heroic than his, among the men and women of the Free States will ever recover this dismembered repub-

lic. A feeblér heroism may this association never foster in one of its beneficiaries. Let all who are called to manage the pending contest in our own country; let all whose words make others true or false, when the dearest interests of learning and religion are at stake, study Samuel. No public man, nor Christian philanthropist, can study a better model. They cannot find among the living or the dead another statesman whose policy is set with so many seals of divine approval as his. With him, the contemplative virtues kept the heroic in their place, where they gloriously availed to redeem the church, the nation, and the age. There are so-called Christians; and Christian clergymen, a few; there are men in place; men in the Government; and more men, who wish they were in the Government, who deem it a sacrilege to carry the commendation of heroic virtue into the church; to aid its growth in the colleges; to make it an element of all philanthropy and all piety. Much more would it afflict them to see the worse Agags of the present rebellion getting their just deserts, than to know that a thousand loyal homes were, every day, desolated by the savage hands of traitors and insurgents. Let them keep it in mind that the exterminator of Amalek and the executioner of Agag was filled with the inspiration of heaven. Let them follow him home to his peaceful school of the prophets, and witness weekly miracles in attestation of God's delight in old, as well as in young Samuel; in him—the moral hero, not less than in him—the meek man of prayer. Let them face the great fact, that traitors to the best government on earth, are not the only men or the only women that

have rights—sacred rights ; rights which it belongs to every school and college to assert ; rights which can be trodden upon only at the risk of consuming wrath. There are those in the ministry and in the laity—male communicants and female communicants, who get angry when preachers praise the heroic virtues, and put them on. They must never openly rebuke rich sinners, or influential sinners, or fashionable sinners, or political sinners. It would be a pestilent stimulation of the pride of young theologues. But the ordained exemplars of old time taught an heroic piety, and showed it. When Nathan, crown-preacher to David, caught his master in a pit of sin, he was bound to pull him out. Instead of a discourse the next Sabbath, on the bad effects of bad morals among men of rank and riches, with such antediluvian instances as neither the fallen king nor any one else would ever have applied to him, Nathan made the royal transgressor a call, very likely in the morning, when he had been playing on his harp, and was in a pleasant mood. Nathan began by telling him a story, and so got his master's ear at once. At every step, he drew the awful coil closer and closer, until that memorable home-thrust—"Thou art the man," could not be held back another moment. How the king quailed ! How he begged for mercy ! Truer heroism was that on Nathan's part than the encounter with the giant on David's. It was the very heroism that ought, at this very moment, to move the nobler passions of all Christ's ministers and followers, in this the hour of their country's agony. It was just such moral heroism as ought more especially to enter into the character of every

youthful aspirer to a place among the ambassadors of Jesus Christ. What if every gospel-herald, North and South, from the adoption of the Federal Constitution to this time, had carried home his convictions to every slaveholder's ear, as Nathan carried his to David's? What, too, if every male and female parishioner had backed up all such pastoral prowess with hearty prayer and approval? Who doubts whether Slavery would not long ago have quietly given up the ghost? Shrewd minds in the army and in the navy are rapidly avowing their convictions of this humiliating conclusion. Why are we not all as solemnly bound to show forth the heroic virtues as our officers and soldiers are? Do we? Yes—do we?

That peculiar personage, who pioneered our Lord's way to public life, was an embodiment of true heroism. In him, it was refreshing for its very coolness—its leaving all to the great Arbiter. "When he spoke openly, the life of heaven hung on his lips. When he signed for them to go to the water, all Judea and Jerusalem were baptized of him in the Jordan." But over common minds, a single deed of his held then, holds now, incomparable power. Ask plain men what great thing John Baptist did. They have an answer. Oh! he rebuked a titled sinner. He did it at the cost of his life! He put it to him plainly. He looked a wicked king, dressed up in his robes, full in the face, and, whilst slaves were crouching at the king's feet, said to him, As I am an ordained minister of the gospel, sir, you are living an unlawful life! He set him down more severely, than he would a poor sinner. He was the true man—the fit, heroic herald of the Saviour of

the world. That is the way honest men talk. But, cries a craven objector, he threw away his life, just as our Government are throwing away the lives of our choicest sons and brothers, and millions of treasure, every week, for nothing but to free poor blacks, who are constitutionally slaves, and we have no right to touch them. Every word of all this is a pitiful untruth. John Baptist did not throw away his life. But his rudeness and his rashness, (which is all you mean by pulpit heroism,) certainly locked him up in jail. And then he provoked Herod and his wife, so that they beheaded him. The preacher should have been more prudent. He might have held his peace concerning personal faults—family affairs—and then, very likely, Herod would have heard him gladly. And if this Society mean to send forth such men, it were better that they should disband at once.

It was not the brave Baptizer's rudeness or rashness, that got him into trouble, but his goodness, his Christ-likeness, his spiritual heroism. Besides, what matter is it, how any one's life goes out, so be it is laid on the altar of eternal right? Multitudes of men and women, to whom God has given true heroic souls, even in the rebel States, have yielded up life to Southern bandits, sooner than give up a good conscience by joining in the blackest rebellion that ever disgraced our common natures. What then? What if the forerunner of our Lord had never said the word—had never made a wretch, tricked out in gold and purple, feel the lash of God's everlasting Law? What then? What then for him? What then for his followers? What successor of his in the Christian ministry, or

the Christian membership, would then have been made afraid to falter by his example? What young man in all the seminaries of the great West, would then have paused over the sacred page, to trace the image of one who saved his life by forcing himself into a truce with sin?

The deductions from history ought not to be deemed complete without a glance at later times. A more meditative Christian than General George Washington has seldom brightened our American annals. But if he had not built his whole character on the heroic virtues, the country would never have owed him the least debt of gratitude. And yet, how often have his eulogists covered up his most heroic denouncements of slaveholding! Wherefore have they been so untrue? Because, until recently, neither North nor South,—neither Church nor State, has held anything to be truly sacred but slavery. It has taken all the educating force of this unnatural strife, to call forth the normal type of that piety, which was fast becoming enervate, and to make it henceforward energetic and heroic.

Whilst Washington was conducting one of his Southern campaigns, he invited his officers to dine with him. At the foot of the table sat a young officer of modest mien, whose toast was, "Liberty to every slave." The Southern gentlemen sneered and refused to drink. Washington sprang to his feet and said, "My young friend, your toast does you honor—I drink—let us all drink—Liberty to every slave." It was of that self-same General Washington that General Knox said, "Washington is the best and bravest man in the world, but he has this weakness, that he never will

fight, unless he has first spent some time alone in prayer." The moral heroism with which he espoused the young subaltern's anti-slavery sentiment, is worth more to-day to the American church and nation than the highest valor he ever displayed on the battle-field.

Later still, there was Arthur B. Fuller. We shall be told that he threw away his life. Those who never say, come to the war, but only say, go, always charge him with suicidal haste. They see in him no heroism, so plainly begotten by the grace of God, as to make him a safe example. Suppose, then, he had not seized the gun—nor jumped into the boat—nor shouted to those who lagged behind, "Follow on, boys." Suppose he had stood still on the shore, and called all others who did the same cowards. What now if one of them had put it back to him—"Chaplain, my life is worth as much to me and to my family, as yours is to you and to your family." Suppose his only rejoinder had been, "Chaplains must never fight with carnal weapons." Who then would have lingered at the shop-windows, to drink in the inspiration from his angel face? What loyalist does not love to do it now? They say that he was a Unitarian by way of distinction. I ask not who claimed him before his martyrdom. The heroic virtues which shone out from that self-devoting deed, made him the property of all true men. Moreover, evangelical officers and privates have said that they never felt themselves so near heaven, as in Arthur B. Fuller's camp prayer-meetings. When he resolved to cross the river, even though it should prove the river of death, the vision quickly became real. Such virtues in a bleeding country's cause,

“To all the sons of sense proclaim,
 “One glorious hour of crowded life
 “Is worth an age without a Name.”

Of a considerate, Christian heroism, leniency toward traitors and assassins is the opposite pole, and deserves the deepest detestation. If there be a fault in our over-burdened administration, of which it were not disloyal or unchristian to complain, it is excess of forbearance toward captured rebels. Ask the brave men who have fallen into the hands of a foe whose barbarities would shock the ancient Algiers. Ask the languishing tenants of our thronged hospitals. Ask those who are still bearing aloft the dear old flag, defiant of danger and of death. They have one reply: We can bear any burden, welcome any pain, but to see such enemies as ours lightly let off, drinks up our spirits, and hangs leaden weights on our necks, that we cannot carry. That is the language of as pure a patriotism, of as martyr-like an heroism, as this world ever saw. It will permeate our whole Christian and national life, or the labors of our society will gather up no lasting rewards.

On the seventeenth of July, 1776, an officer of the Revolution, long before, a profound jurist, wrote to the Hon. Elbridge Gerry, a conspicuous co-patriot, this model of military epistles. “My very dear sir: can we subsist: did any State ever subsist, without exterminating traitors? It is amazingly wonderful, that, having no capital punishment for our intestine enemies, we have not been utterly ruined before now?” That letter was penned after being closeted with Omniscience.

In illustration of the beautiful blending of the heroic and reflective elements in the character of Gen.

Grant, it has been admirably said of him, "that it was whilst he was wrapped in mute thought by the space of four hours, he vowed to his Maker to test the strength of the country—to challenge the whole strength of the confederacy, and so settle the question, whether the United States could keep up their independence even on the crimson fields of Virginia." "Perfectly self-possessed"—says Major Penniman, "he designedly drew upon his serried columns, the fury of skilled commanders, and a soldiery ready to rush into mad despair. He went forward and upward, and drew his ladder up after him!" The most impressive of modern instances, however, is that of General Sherman at Kenesaw mountain. To exhibit any available heroism in that perplexing juncture, whole days of meditation must be first had. When the inspiration came, an eye-witness, with a simplicity that is truly sublime, says, "Then Gen. Sherman ascended Mt. Kenesaw!" There he stands, like one of the old hero-prophets on the hills of Judea—calling down fire on the devourers of God's elect people. He stands alone—yet not alone. God is with him, as from his own Horeb he controls two armies by signals—marching them by signals—massing them by signals—mingling them by signals—pointing them onward to where the goddess of victory stands, with a wreath for each army in her hands—or rather to where the true Jehovah, whose red right hand he had meekly invoked, had descended, at the going out of the last puff of smoke from the forts, to crown them conquerors.

That the college, in the character demanded for it by this Society, tends to produce a genuine Christian

heroism, is proved, first, from the fact, *that it is a college*. College life, at its threshold, takes its novitiates up to a higher plane than they had moved upon before. Other things being equal, even the undergraduate lives, thinks, works—above his equals in years, outside of the college. Granting that they possess no superiority of intellect, no more unquenchable thirst for knowledge—such as triumphs over all obstacles—he then has an immense advantage over them. On his passing out into the open world again, unless he has been false to himself and to his college-life, the difference in his favor will wax wider and plainer to every eye. I have said that all this will be true as between young men who go through a college course and those who do not, if all other things are equal. Other things may not be equal. Often they are very unequal. Not seldom a weak brain is allowed to pass through the most imposing forms of education. Inimitigable dulness may have the means to pay all college-fees and fines, and so be suffered to carry home a diploma. But something else will be needed to avert the doom of a life-long neglect from those who fall below their opportunities. For it is held by all sound minds to be inexcusable, if a full course at college fails to enable young men to out-run others in a fair race. It is impossible to do justice to a good college-drill in after life, and not show forth its great power. It will impart a juster self-respect; clearer methods of thought and speech; and a stricter employment of the reason and the conscience. But what else are these but the germinant forms of moral heroism—heroism of the head—heroism of the heart—ready to become he-

roism of the hand, of real life? There is, apart from all specific causes, or rather compounded of them all into a real, effective unity, what may be called college-life: a college atmosphere: an undefinable whole: what Mr. Webster fitly denominates *the genius of the place*, suited to inspire heroic sentiment—and which must be wantonly shunned, not to be invaluable.

In the next place, *the range of the college-studies* is adapted to plant all ingenuous minds with the heroic virtues. Blind prejudice has accused them of doing nothing else. If they avail only for this, and yet certainly for this, the present argument is secure. A set defence of the classics would be conspicuous absurdity. Earnest minds become spell-bound before they pass the vestibule. As they press on until they have penetrated to the inner-temple, the charm becomes a chain, but one of the only two chains which make the wearer free. Expunge from the classic text-books every senseless myth, blot every impure line. Eliminate every unmanning sentiment even. There shall remain more than enough to raise, to light, and to fire all true natures. Every mind, that is susceptible to the heroic element, will still confess to the kindling power of classic research. The inner life of all classic lore is heroism. "*The heathen classics?*" It is an old slander. I would that such heathenism might supplant the barbarisms of our own people, and cure the gallant West of her own greatest sin. The claim of classic studies to the front rank of a college course, has seldom been disturbed during the last twenty five years.

The brilliant challenge to the patrons of classical

learning by the lamented Grinke, was heroism itself—but heroism shooting beyond its mark. It became, by a triumphant recoil, their ablest vindication; for, in revealing the source of the champion's sharpest weapons, it shewed him to be the strongest assailant, only because he was the most perfect proficient—in the classics. Should classical instruction on the most liberal scheme, ever fall into disfavor with this Society, let the Society's knell be rung forthwith. Better that another exclusive year of devotion to the classic authors be superadded. The broadest foundation of an heroic character will be laid only by going persistently through with what Cicero (*De Senectute*) beautifully denominates—"hæ exercitationes ingenii et hæ curricula mentis."

The hardships of college-life at the West are adapted to nurture Christian heroism. Thousands of the sons of affluence and ease, although otherwise cultured and intelligent, know not the meaning of hardship, connected with the pursuit of knowledge. The pathway of their allotted years at college is bordered with roses and overgrown with plenty. But the very smoothness and levelness of that pathway are its curse. Where one young man has had occasion to exult over parental largesses in college, hundreds have been, by that very means, dropped down to a mortifying mediocrity. The educational privations of the brightest young men are often unrelenting. But they brace, whilst they strain, and stimulate when they threaten. Could this Society's charities offer a luxurious life to college-professor or college-student, its true and honorable occupation would, indeed, be gone. Because it

cannot endow Western Institutions so that young men may have all their great helps for nothing, it shall make ten times so many of them spiritually heroic men—moral beacon-lights to other nations and ages than their own.

Training young men *in small colleges*, is, after all, the surest means of enriching them with the heroic virtues. No single cause beside, is so direct, and yet so little understood. In classes of seventy-five or an hundred, it is not difficult for the most stupid to drone away the appointed period at college, without feeling the rebuke which the mastering toil of others ought to convey. In all large classes, the dull have so many to share their shame with them, their own aliquot proportion of it is easily submitted to. It is related of a man, who has since stood high in his profession, that in college, he was so indolent as to be finally summoned before the President, when the following dialogue ensued. The President: "My young friend—the Faculty judge that you might be the first scholar in your class. Perhaps you would like to know what your actual standing is." The student: "Yes, sir, I should think it would be well." The President: "Well, sir, your rank now is the fortieth from the head." The student: "Yes, sir, and is that all there are in the class?" The President: "No, sir—the whole number is sixty." The student: "Ah—sixty—then I can look down upon twenty yet"—and walked out, unabashed. Where the classes range from fifteen to twenty-five, it is not possible to avoid the stimulus of frequent and fearless weighing and gauging, both by Faculty and fellow-students. Where every member of a class is

called upon at every recitation, and any one habitually fails to make even a respectable appearance, if the instructor foregoes the proper corrective, offended class-pride will inflict a retribution, like Cain's mark, greater than the delinquent can bear. Station and sustain competent men to teach, and gather in self-respecting youth to learn, and of every graduated ten, four fifths shall come forth panoplied for the life-race with the heroic virtues of the Son of God.

An all-surrounding and exciting growth helps to make the College a nursery of high moral heroism. I am not aware that this Society has patronized any institution which was not started amidst miracles of agricultural, commercial, and social progress. The Presidents and Professors of your colleges feel the charm. The students feel it. The community around feel it. It is like the locomotive of a lightning-train, which catches up the loiterer on its track, and sweeps him along at its own startling speed. On the spot selected for one of the beneficiary colleges of the West, the seventh year from the Indian's departure, there stood two first-class flouring-mills; two brick hotels; three well-filled churches; two printing offices; a superb courthouse; and on one of the evenings of that same year, a party of two hundred gentlemen and ladies took gifts to a pastor's residence, to the amount of one thousand dollars! There ~~was~~ was inspiring energy in such growth. The young men of the institution grow mentally in like proportions, and *growth* is life—resistance—victory—heroism. •

A kindred element is *the vastness of this Society's theatre*. Its influence cannot fail to move the youthful



bosom, made to be moved. Take one who has been wont to think, to feel, to act on a narrow sphere—where he must keep himself small, and see only with shortened vision—and set him down in the midst of vast “rolling-prairies”—not less than twenty thousand square miles of “ocean-lands” encircling him! An all-subduing energy has peopled and possessed them. He is assured that the riches of the surface reach all the way down to the centre! Will he shrivel up his nobler nature, and shrink into his old littleness? Experience in such matters is infallible. When he thinks earnestly, he will long for a larger mind to think still larger thoughts with. When he feels deeply, he will sigh for a soul capacitated to feel still manlier and diviner emotions. Ere long, he finds enlargement of his spiritual being going on—sending forth its pent up forces—adjusting itself to the grandeur of its new and nobler sphere of action! On such centres, the College, the College-professor, the College student will rise to such heroism as forms the safeguard and the vanguard alike of church and state.

Who now dares to whisper about the disbanding of this quiet but effective organization? Why the seven Territories (that were Territories when the writing of this discourse began) Utah, Dacotah, Arizona, New Mexico, Washington, Idaho, and the Indian Reservation, all of which, before many years, will be in and on our hands, cover an area of over nine hundred thousand square miles, or nearly one third of the entire territory *claimed* by the United States! If any friend of ours does believe that our mission is very nearly fulfilled, let him glance at a part of our untrod-

earthquake! If any man accuse me of preaching politics, in any bad sense, I only say, there are no politics to preach. There is just one awful, indivisible question—are we true to our country, or are we false to our country? If, as Christian philanthropists, we fold our arms, and wonder when the war will stop, or whether it ever will stop, it never will. True heroic virtue will care a thousand fold more for the triumph of Liberty, and Justice, and an unadulterated Gospel over every rood of American soil. If—which God forbid—this be, indeed, Freedom's last experiment on earth—may Infinite Mercy save our loyal churches from sinking to ruin, without one effort to reach forth unto a virtue and a heroism that shall render their downfall glorious to themselves, and to the Lord that bought them.